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short tribute, is held up to draw closer, rather than tear aside the pall overshadowing the departed. It is not fitting, it is not desired that the public gaze should behold with apathy and idle wonderment, all that could here with fidelity be stated. Though he lingered for six months, yet through the whole of that time, the lamp of life was wasting with extreme rapidity, and on the morning of the 17th October, 1812, he happily obtained by an easy and gentle expiration, his release from the troubles of mortality. Dare we draw aside the veil, and take a look into the unclouded regions of futurity? Our lamented friend and fellow-student, though wafted from our sight and society, enjoys life in the mansions of the blessed.

It is difficult in bearing testimony of departed worth, to avoid the appearance of partiality; yet one well acquainted with him for a series of years, his companion and fellow-lodger makes this statement from a conviction of its truth: and can this memorial be blamed, for where is there such an union of admirable qualities in the mind? In intellect, in heart, in temper, in manners, in strict and elevated principles, in pure and untainted conduct, he has left few behind him.

Whilst the writer of this article testifies the truth of a character, dictated by sincere regard, yet to his readers, he may hold him up as an example of the uncertainty of life; that the young and blooming youth may enter the tomb at an unexpected hour; that death is not the lot of the hoary-headed alone. But convinced of our mortality, and always prepared for the tribunal of our judge, we should regulate our lives and conduct by that religion and morality which can alone secure happiness in future. To do this, I shall be certainly excused when I become a plagiarist for the following inscription.

Pause here, and think: a monitory rhyme  
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time,  
Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding  
vein,  
Seems it to say—"Health here has long to  
reign?  
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye  
That beams delight? an heart to sigh!  
Yet fear, youth oftimes healthful and at  
ease  
Anticipates a day it never sees;  
And many a tomb, like \*\*\*\*, aloud  
Exclaims, 'Prepare thee for an early  
shroud.'"

\* The above elegant inscription was written for the tomb of a Mr. Hamilton, by Cowper.

## DETACHED ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

### HYPOCRITICAL CANTING.

A SINGLE anecdote frequently gives a greater insight of the character, than a multiplicity of volumes. Oliver Cromwell has been represented as sitting one day with some select friends, with a bottle in one hand, and bending under

the table to search for a cork-screw; a confidential servant entered the apartment, and announced a number of the "elect." "Tell them," says Cromwell, in the language of fanaticism: "tell them we are seeking the Lord. These fools think," he continued, turning to his friends, "that I am seeking the Lord, while

I am only seeking for the cork-screw."

HINTS FOR THOSE WHO ARE ZEALOUS  
FOR THE CONVERSION OF SAVAGES.

A young Hottentot had been educated at Amsterdam, by order of Vander Stel, the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, in all the European refinements; and instructed in the christian religion. The Dutch Governor, expecting that he would be of great use to the India Company in transacting business for them with the natives, sent for him to the Cape. He had not been there long before he asked leave to visit his relations up in the country; after a short time he came back, covered only with a sheep-skin, in the Hottentot manner, and with a bundle under his arm. Addressing himself to the Governor, he said, "Permit me, Sir, to return your fine clothes, to renounce your arts, sciences, manners and religion, to live and die in those of my ancestors." Then without waiting for an answer, he hastily retreated from the presence of the Governor, and never more was seen at the Cape of Good Hope.

A similar story has been related of the son of a principal chief or sovereign, in Madagascar, who having been educated at Goa by the Jesuits in the family of the Viceroy, he was baptised, and well instructed in the articles of the Christian faith; he could read and write several European languages; and he spoke Portuguese perfectly; but being carried back to his father, and his native country, he renounced christianity, and embraced the customs and superstitions of his country, with greater zeal than the rest of the natives.

[*Abbé Rochon's Voyage to Madagascar, &c.*]

BELFAST MAG. NO. LXIII.

#### LAST WORDS.

Dr. Jortin, in answer to a female attendant, who offered him some nourishment in his last illness, said with great composure; "No, I have had enough of every thing." When the Bishop (Randolph, late Bishop of London,) mounted his poney, it appeared he was without his hat. The servant said, My Lord you have not your hat, and immediately went for it. The Bishop put it on, and took off his cassock, at the same moment exclaiming, *I want—I want—I want*—and at the same instant dropped from his horse. He succeeded Dr. Porteus, and had augmented the revenue of the see of London from 7 to near 12,000 per annum. The Rev. Hugh Worthington, late minister of Presbyterian Dissenters at Salter's Hall, in London for forty years, (a very impressive and interesting preacher,) breathed his last, in the following short but fervent prayer, "Gracious Father, forgive thy servant, and receive him to thyself." A.P.

BENEFIT OF EMPLOYMENT IN A CASE  
OF INSANITY; WITH A CURIOUS IN-  
STANCE OF POETRY MADE BY ONE  
INSANE PERSON ON THE RELATION  
OF HIS STATE BY ANOTHER.

(*Extracted from the Description of the Retreat, an institution near York for insane persons; by Samuel Tuke.*)

Some years ago, a patient much afflicted with melancholic and hypochondriacal symptoms, was admitted by his own request. He had walked from home, a distance of 200 miles, in company with a friend; and on his arrival, found much less inclination to converse on the absurd and melancholy views of his own state, than he had previously felt. Though he was much less disposed to converse upon the subject, his hypochondriacal ideas remained, as the following description of himself, taken nearly verbatim from his own

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mouth, will prove :—" I have no soul ; I have neither heart, liver, nor lungs ; nor any thing at all in my body, nor a drop of blood in my veins. My bones are all burnt to a cinder ; I have no brain, and my head is sometimes as hard as iron, and sometimes as soft as a pudding."

A fellow patient, also a hypochondriac, amused himself in versifying this affectingly ludicrous description, in the following lines.

A miracle, my friends, come view,  
A man, admit his own words true.  
Who lives without a soul ;  
Nor liver, lungs, nor heart has he,  
Yet sometimes can as cheerful be  
As if he had the whole.

His head (take his own words along,)  
Now hard as iron, yet ere long  
Is soft as any jelly ;  
All burnt his sinews, and his lungs ;  
Of his complaints, not fifty tongues  
Can find enough to tell ye.

Yet he who paints his likeness here,  
Has just as much himself to fear,  
He's wrong from top to toe.  
Ah, friends ! pray help us if you can,  
And make us each again a man,  
That we from hence may go !

This patient was by trade a gardener ; and the superintendent immediately perceived, from the effects of this journey, the propriety of keeping him employed. He led him into the garden, and conversed with him on the subject of horticulture ; and soon found, that the patient possessed very superior knowledge in the art of pruning, and in the other departments of his art. He proposed several improvements in the management of the garden, which were adopted, and the gardener was desired to furnish him with full employment. He soon, however, showed a reluctance to regular exertion, and a considerable disposition to wandering, which had been one of the previous features of his complaint. The gardener was repeatedly charged to encourage him in labour, and to prevent his leaving the

premises. But, unhappily, the superior abilities of the patient had excited a jealousy in the gardener's mind, which made him dislike his assistance ; and it may therefore be presumed, that he obeyed his instructions very imperfectly.

The poor man rambled several times from the grounds of the Institution ; which, in his state of mind, excited considerable anxiety in the family. Of course, it became necessary to confine him more within doors. He frequently, however, walked out ; and the superintendent took many opportunities to attend him into the fields or garden, and to engage him for a time in steady manual labour. As his disorder had increased, it became difficult to induce him to exert himself ; but even in this state, when he had been some time employed, he seemed to forget his distressful sensations and ideas, and would converse on general topics with great good sense.

In this truly pitiable case, the superintendent several times tried the efficacy of long walks, where the greatest variety and attraction of circumstances were presented : but neither these, nor the conversation which he introduced, were able to draw the patient so effectually from the "moods of his own mind," as regular persevering labour in the garden. It is not improbable, however, that the superior manner in which the patient was able to execute his work, produced a degree of self-complacency which had a salutary effect : and that, had his education enlarged his curiosity, and encouraged a taste and observation respecting the objects of nature and art, he might have derived much greater advantage, as many patients obviously do, from variety of conversation and scenery.

The circumstances of this patient did not allow him a separate attendant, and the engagements of the

superintendent were too numerous and important to permit him to devote to this case the time and attention which it seemed to require.

This patient, after remaining several years in the house, died of an acute inflammation of the bowels.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

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### TO MARY.

I.

**F**AIR are the flowers that deck the velvet lawn,  
And bright the streams that glitter in the sun ;  
Rich are the blushing clouds at early dawn,  
And lovely is the sky when day is done.  
Soft is the music of the warbling grove,  
Rich is the landscape after vernal showers ;  
Sweet is the lonely vale where lovers rove,  
And sweet the fragrance of the woodbine bowers.

II.

But brigher far than these is beauty's eye,  
When for another's grief the tears o'erflow ;  
And richer are those lips of ruby dye,  
That whisper comfort to another's woe.  
And softer is that voice whose magic sounds  
Can sooth with potent charm the anxious breast ;  
And lovelier is the bosom that rebounds  
With unfeign'd rapture when a friend is blest.

*Edinburgh.*

DION.

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### PENSIERO DEL MOMENTO.

#### TO MARY.

**H**OW sweet it is to breathe the tuneful strain,  
To those whose hearts can echo it again ;

Give me a hearer whose congenial breast,  
Can catch the whole when half the thought's supprest.

So when soft Zephyr wakes the Eolian lyre,  
One chord alone he touches of the quire ;  
But in a moment each responsive string,  
Shall to the first in just accordance ring.  
*Edinburgh.* DION.

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### TO MARY.

**T**HE rose that shines so sweet must fade,  
The lily-droop, the violet die,  
So must thy rosy cheek, fair maid,  
Thy lily neck, and azure eye.

The faded rose again will shine,  
Again the drooping lily blow,  
But once decayed, that cheek of thine,  
No more the bloom of health shall know.

Oh ! then, thy gentle mind, dear maid,  
With each superior grace adorn,  
Plant there the flowers that will not fade,  
The lovely rose without a thorn.

Those flowers are of celestial kind,  
The choicest gift of bounteous Heaven,  
Seek for them there, and thou wilt find  
To those that seek they're always given.

Let meekness, virtue, sweet content,  
Together in your bosom rise,  
And when you close a life well-spent,  
Again you'll blossom in the skies.

*Edinburgh.*

DION.

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## DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS. MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

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*Specification of the Patent granted to Peter Nouaille, of Greatness, near Sevenoaks, in the County of Kent, Esquire; for a method of saving water in mechanical and hydraulic purposes; Dated October 5, 1812.*

**I** THE said Peter Nouaille do hereby declare that my said invention is described in manner following; that is to say: In my new method of applying water to water-wheels I cause it to commence